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QUEEN OF  
SCOTS



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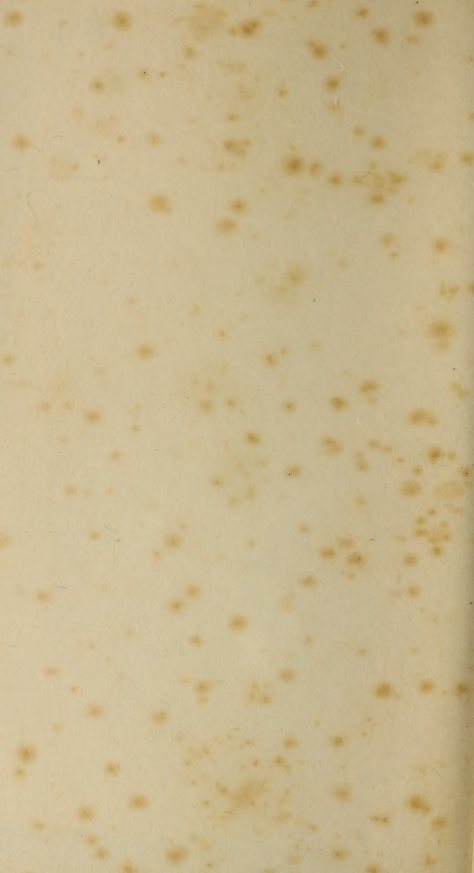
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Mary Queen of Scots

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MARY QUEEN  
OF SCOTS

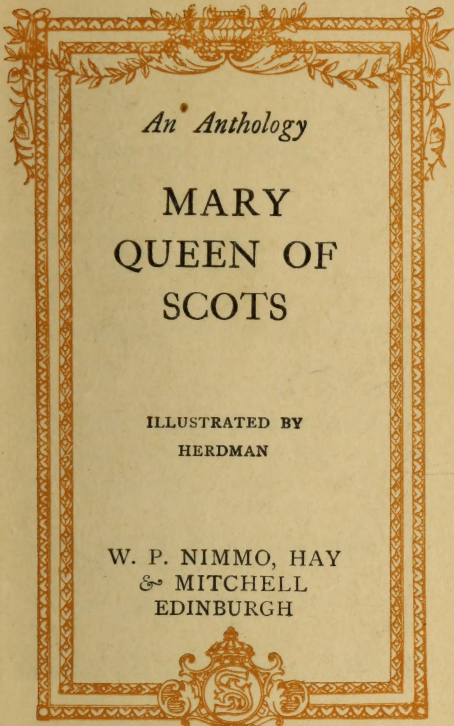






Mary Queen of Scots.






*An Anthology*

MARY  
QUEEN OF  
SCOTS

ILLUSTRATED BY  
HERDMAN

W. P. NIMMO, HAY  
& MITCHELL  
EDINBURGH



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## MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

“Elle était de ce monde où les plus belles  
choses  
Ont le pire destin.”—MALHERBE.

I LOOKED far back into the past, and  
lo ! in bright array,  
I saw, as in a dream, the forms of  
ages passed away :—  
It was a stately convent, with its old  
and lofty walls,  
And gardens with their broad green  
walks, where soft the footstep falls ;  
And o’er the antique dial-stone the  
creeping shadow crept,  
And, all around, the noonday light  
in drowsy -radiance slept.

## MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

---

No sound of busy life was heard,  
save, from the cloister dim,  
The tinkling of the silver bell, or the  
sisters' holy hymn.

And there five noble maidens sat  
beneath the orchard trees,  
In that first budding spring of youth,  
when all its prospects please,  
And little recked they, when they  
sang, or knelt at vesper prayers,  
That Scotland knew no prouder names  
—held none more dear than theirs ;  
And little even the loveliest thought,  
before the Virgin's shrine,  
Of royal blood, and high descent  
from the ancient Stuart line :  
Calmly her happy days flew on,  
uncounted in their flight,  
And as they flew, they left behind a  
long-continuing light.

The scene was changed.—It was the  
court, the gay court of Bourbon,

## MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

---

Where 'neath a thousand silver lamps,  
a thousand courtiers throng :  
And proudly kindles Henry's eye, well  
pleased, I ween, to see  
The land assemble all its wealth of  
grace and chivalry ;—  
Grey Montmorency, o'er whose head  
has passed a storm of years,  
Strong in himself and children, stands,  
the first among his peers ;  
Next him the Guises, who so well  
fame's steepest heights assailed,  
And walked ambition's diamond ridge,  
where bravest hearts have failed,—  
And higher yet their path shall be,  
and stronger wax their might,  
For before them Montmorency's star  
shall pale its waning light ;  
There too the Prince of Condé wears  
his all-unconquered sword,  
With great Coligni by his side, each  
name a household word ;  
And there walks she of Medici, that  
proud Italian line,

## MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

---

The mother of a race of kings, the  
haughty Catherine!

The forms that follow in her train a  
glorious sunshine make,

A milky way of stars that grace a  
comet's glittering wake:

But fairer far than all the crowd, who  
bask on fortune's tide,

Effulgent in the light of youth, is she,  
the new-made bride!

The homage of a thousand hearts—  
the fond deep love of one—

The hopes that dance around a life  
whose charms are but begun,

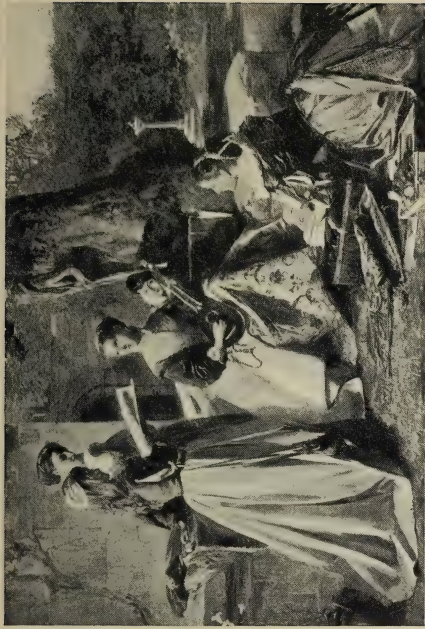
They lighten up her chestnut eye,  
they mantle o'er her cheek,

They sparkle on her open brow, and  
high-souled joy bespeak.

Ah! who shall blame, if scarce that  
day, through all its brilliant hours,

She thought of that quiet convent's  
calm, its sunshine and its flowers?





The Convent Garden—France.



## MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

---

The scene was changed.—It was a  
bark that slowly held its way,  
And o'er its lee the coast of France  
in the light of evening lay ;  
And on its deck a lady sat, who  
gazed with tearful eyes  
Upon the fast receding hills that dim  
and distant rise.  
No marvel that the lady wept,—there  
was no land on earth  
She lov'd as that fair land, although  
she owed it not her birth :  
It was her mother's land ; the land of  
childhood and of friends ;  
It was the land where she had found  
for all her griefs amends ;  
The land where her dead husband slept ;  
the land where she had known  
The tranquil convent's hushed repose,  
and the splendours of a throne :  
No marvel that the lady wept, it was  
the land of France,  
The chosen home of chivalry, the  
garden of romance !

## MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

---

The past was bright, like that dear  
coast so far behind her bark ;  
The future, like the gathering night,  
was ominous and dark !—  
One gaze again—one long last gaze ;  
“ Adieu, fair France, to thee ! ”  
The breeze comes forth—she is alone  
on the unconscious sea.

The scene was changed.—It was an  
eve of raw and surly mood,  
And in a turret chamber high of  
ancient Holyrood  
Sat Mary, listening to the rain, and  
sighing with the winds,  
That seemed to suit the stormy state  
of men's uncertain minds.  
The touch of care had blanched her  
cheek, her smile was sadder now ;  
The weight of royalty had pressed too  
heavy on her brow ;  
And traitors to her councils came,  
and rebels to the field ;

## MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

---

The Stuart sceptre well she swayed,  
but the sword she could not wield.  
She thought of all her blighted hopes,  
the dreams of youth's brief day,  
And summon'd Rizzio with his lute,  
and bade the minstrel play  
The songs she loved in other years,  
the songs of gay Navarre,  
The songs, perchance, that erst were  
sung by gallant Chatelar :  
They half beguiled her of her cares,  
they soothed her into smiles,  
They won her thoughts from bigot  
zeal, and fierce domestic broils.  
But hark ! the tramp of armed men !  
the Douglas' battle-cry !  
They come, they come ! and lo ! the  
scowl of Ruthven's hollow eye !  
Stern swords are drawn, and daggers  
gleam, her words, her prayers are vain,  
The ruffian steel is in his heart—the  
faithful Rizzio's slain !  
Then Mary Stuart brushed aside the  
tears that trickling fell ;

## MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

---

“Now for my father’s arm,” she said,  
“my woman’s heart, farewell!”

The scene was changed.—It was a  
lake with one small lonely isle,  
And there within the prison walls of  
its baronial pile,

Stern men stood menacing their queen,  
till she should stoop to sign

The traitorous scroll that snatched the  
crown from her ancestral line :

“My lords, my lords!” the captive  
cried, “were I but once more free,  
With ten good knights on yonder  
shore, to aid my cause and me,  
That parchment would I scatter wide  
to every breeze that blows,

And once more reign a Stuart queen  
o’er my remorseless foes !”

A red spot burned upon her cheek,  
streamed her rich tresses down,

She wrote the words—she stood erect,  
a queen without a crown !

## MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

---

The scene was changed. — A royal  
host a royal banner bore ;  
The faithful of the land stood round  
their smiling queen once more :  
She stayed her steed upon a hill, she  
saw them marching by,  
She heard their shouts, she read  
success in every flashing eye :  
The tumult of the strife begins—it  
roars—it dies away,  
And Mary's troops and banners now,  
and courtiers—where are they ?  
Scattered and strewn, and flying far,  
defenceless and undone—  
O God ! to see what she has lost, and  
think what guilt has won ;  
Away ! away ! thy gallant steed must  
act no laggard's part ;  
Yet vain his speed, for thou dost bear  
the arrow in thy heart.

The scene was changed.—Beside the  
block a sullen headsman stood,  
And gleamed the broad axe in his  
hand, that soon must drip with blood.

## MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

---

With slow and steady step there came  
a lady through the hall,  
And breathless silence chained the  
lips, and touched the hearts of all ;  
Rich were the sable robes she wore,  
her white veil round her fell,  
And from her neck there hung the  
cross, that cross she loved so well !  
I knew that queenly form again,  
though blighted was its bloom,  
I saw that grief had deck'd it out—  
an offering for the tomb !  
I knew the eye, though faint its light,  
that once so brightly shone ;  
I knew the voice, though feeble now,  
that thrilled with every tone ;  
I knew the ringlets, almost grey, once  
threads of living gold ;  
I knew that bounding grace of step,  
that symmetry of mould :  
Even now I see her far away, in that  
calm convent aisle,  
I hear her chant her vesper-hymn, I  
mark her holy smile,—



## MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

---

Even now I see her bursting forth,  
upon her bridal morn,  
A new star in the firmament, to light  
and glory born !  
Alas, the change ! she placed her foot  
upon a triple throne,  
And on the scaffold now she stands,  
beside the block, *alone !*  
The little dog that licks her hand, the  
last of all the crowd  
Who sunned themselves beneath her  
glance, and round her footsteps  
bowed !  
Her neck is bared—the blow is struck  
—the soul has passed away ;  
The bright, the beautiful, the good,  
a bleeding piece of clay !

A solemn text ! Go, think of it, in  
silence and alone,  
Then weigh against a grain of sand  
the glories of a throne !

HENRY GLASSFORD BELL.

## QUEEN MARY AT CRAIG- MILLAR CASTLE

“THIS, then, is Edinburgh?” said the youth, as the fellow-travellers arrived at one of the heights to the southward, which commanded a view of the great northern capital—“This is that Edinburgh of which we have heard so much!”

“Even so,” said the falconer; “yonder stands Auld Reekie—you may see the smoke hover over her at twenty miles’ distance, as the goss-hawk hangs over a plump of young wild-ducks—ay, yonder is the heart of Scotland, and each throb that she gives is felt from the edge of Solway to Duncan’s-bay-head. See, yonder is the old castle; and see to the

## QUEEN MARY AT CRAIGMILLAR CASTLE

right, on yon rising ground, that is the Castle of Craigmillar, which I have known a merry place in my time."

"Was it not there," said the page in a low voice, "that the Queen held her court?"

"Ay, ay," replied the falconer, "Queen she was then, though you must not call her so now. Well, they may say what they will—many a true heart will be sad for Mary Stuart, e'en if all be true men say of her; for look you, Master Roland—she was the loveliest creature to look upon that I ever saw with eye, and no lady in the land liked better the fair flight of a falcon. I was at the great match on Roslin-moor betwixt Bothwell—he was a black sight to her, that Bothwell—and the Baron of Roslin, who could judge a hawk's flight as well as any man in Scotland—a butt of Rhenish and a ring of

## QUEEN MARY AT

---

gold was the wager, and it was flown as fairly for as ever was red gold and bright wine. And to see her there on her white palfrey, that flew as if it scorned to touch more than the heather blossom; and to hear her voice, as clear and sweet as the mavis's whistle, mix among our jolly whooping and whistling; and to mark all the nobles dashing round her; happiest he who got a word or a look — tearing through moss and hagg, and venturing neck and limb to gain the praise of a bold rider, and the blink of a bonnie Queen's bright eye — she will see little hawking where she lies now — ay, ay, pomp and pleasure pass away as speedily as the wap of a falcon's wing."

"And where is this poor Queen now confined?" said Roland Græme, interested in the fate of a woman whose beauty and grace had made so strong an impression even on the

## CRAIGMILLAR CASTLE

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blunt and careless character of Adam Woodcock.

“Where is she now imprisoned?” said Adam Woodcock; “why, in some castle in the north, they say—I know not where, for my part, nor is it worth while to vex one’s self anent what cannot be mended—An she had guided her power well whilst she had it, she had not come to so evil a pass. Men say she must resign her crown to this little baby of a prince, for that they will trust her with it no longer. Our master has been as busy as his neighbours in all this work. If the Queen should come to her own again, Avenel Castle is like to smoke for it, unless he makes his bargain all the better.”

“In a castle in the north Queen Mary is confined?” said the page.

“Why, ay—they say so at least—In a castle beyond that great river which comes down yonder, and looks

## QUEEN MARY AT CRAIGMILLAR CASTLE

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like a river, but it is a branch of the sea, and as bitter as brine."

"And amongst all her subjects," said the page, with some emotion, "is there none that will adventure anything for her relief?"

"That is a kittle question," said the falconer; "and if you ask it often, Master Roland, I am fain to tell you that you will be mewed up yourself in some of those castles, if they do not prefer twisting your head off, to save further trouble with you—Adventure anything? Lord, why, Murray has the wind in his poop now, man, and flies so high and strong, that the devil a wing of them can match him—No, no; there she is, and there she must lie, till Heaven send her deliverance, or till her son has the management of all—But Murray will never let her loose again, he knows her too well."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

## THE LOVELY MARY ENTERS EDINBURGH

SCOTLAND, involved in factious broils,  
Groaned deep beneath her woes and  
    toils,

And looked o'er meadow, dale and lea,  
For many a day her Queen to see ;  
Hoping that then her woes would  
    cease,

And all her valleys smile in peace.  
The spring was past, the summer  
    gone ;

Still vacant stood the Scottish throne :  
But scarce had autumn's mellow hand  
Waved her rich banner o'er the land,  
When rang the shouts, from tower and  
    tree,

That Scotland's Queen was on the sea.

## THE LOVELY MARY

---

Swift spread the news o'er down and  
dale,

Swift as the lively autumn gale ;

Away, away, it echoed still,

O'er many a moor and Highland hill,

Till rang each glen and verdant plain,

From Cheviot to the northern main.

Each bard attuned the loyal lay,

And for Dun-Edin hied away ;

Each harp was strung in woodland  
bower,

In praise of beauty's bonniest flower.

The chiefs forsook their ladies fair ;

The priest his beads and books of  
prayer ;

The farmer left his harvest day,

The shepherd all his flocks to stray ;

The forester forsook the wood,

And hasted on to Holyrood.

After a youth, by woes o'er cast,

After a thousand sorrows past,

The lovely Mary once again

Set foot upon her native plain ;







The Farewell to France.

## ENTERS EDINBURGH

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Kneeled on the pier with modest  
grace,  
And turned to heaven her beauteous  
face.  
'Twas then the caps in air were  
blended,  
A thousand thousand shouts as-  
cended ;  
Shivered the breeze around the  
throng ;  
Grey barrier cliffs the peals prolong ;  
And every tongue gave thanks to  
heaven,  
That Mary to their hopes was given.

Her comely form and graceful mien,  
Bespoke the Lady and the Queen ;  
The woes of one so fair and young,  
Moved every heart and every tongue.  
Driven from her home, a helpless  
child,  
To brave the winds and billows wild ;  
An exile bred in realms afar,  
Amid commotion, broil, and war :

## THE LOVELY MARY

---

In one short year her hopes all  
crossed,—

A parent, husband, kingdom lost !

And all ere eighteen years had shed  
Their honours o'er her royal head.

For such a Queen, the Stuarts' heir,

A Queen so courteous, young, and  
fair,

Who would not every foe defy !

Who would not stand ! who would not  
die !

Light on her airy steed she sprung,

Around with golden tassels hung,

No chieftain there rode half so free,

Or half so light and gracefully.

How sweet to see her ringlets pale

Wide waving in the southland gale,

Which through the broomwood  
blossoms flew,

To fan her cheeks of rosy hue !

Whene'er it heaved her bosom's  
screen,

What beauties in her form were seen !

## ENTERS EDINBURGH

---

And when her courser's mane it  
    swung,  
A thousand silver bells were rung.  
A sight so fair, on Scottish plain,  
A Scot shall never see again.

When Mary turned her wondering  
    eyes  
On rocks that seemed to prop the  
    skies ;  
On palace, park, and battled pile ;  
On lake, on river, sea, and isle ;  
O'er woods and meadows bathed in  
    dew,  
To distant mountains wild and blue ;  
She thought the isle that gave her  
    birth  
The sweetest, wildest land on earth.

Slowly she ambled on her way  
Amid her lords and ladies gay.  
Priest, abbot, layman, all were there,  
And presbyter with look severe :

## THE LOVELY MARY

---

Then rode the Lords of France and  
Spain,  
Of England, Flanders, and Lorraine,  
While serried thousands round them  
stood,  
From shore of Leith to Holyrood.

Though Mary's heart was light as  
air  
To find a home so wild and fair ;  
To see a gathered nation by,  
And rays of joy from every eye ;  
Though frequent shouts the welkin  
broke,  
Though courtiers bowed and ladies  
spoke,  
An absent look they oft could trace  
Deep settled on her comely face.  
Was it the thought that all alone  
She must support a rocking throne ?  
That Caledonia's rugged land  
Might scorn a Lady's weak command,  
And the Red Lion's haughty eye  
Scowl at a maiden's feet to lie ?

## ENTERS EDINBURGH

---

No; 'twas the notes of Scottish  
song,  
Soft pealing from the countless  
throng:

So mellow came the distant swell,  
That on her ravished ear it fell  
Like dew of heaven, at evening close,  
On forest flower or woodland rose.  
For Mary's heart, to Nature true,  
The powers of song and music knew:  
But all the choral measures bland,  
Of anthems sung in southern land,  
Appeared an useless pile of art,  
Unfit to sway or melt the heart,  
Compared with that which floated  
by,—

Her simple native melody.  
As she drew near the Abbey stile,  
She halted, reined, and bent the while.  
She heard the Caledonian lyre  
Pour forth its notes of Runic fire.

JAMES HOGG.

## QUEEN MARY'S ENTRY INTO EDINBURGH

THE rank dew lies heavy on grass and stone ; a deep gloom hangs over the landscape,—a thick unwholesome fog, unstirred by the wind ; but we can see the huge back of Arthur's Seat faint and grey amid the haze, with the unaltered outline of the crags below ; and yonder are the two western towers of Holyrood, and yonder the Abbey, with its stone roof entire, and the hoar damps settling on its painted glass. . . . The sun has not shone for five days, nor the moon for five nights ; the boom of the cannon from the distant harbour, where the French galleys lie, falls dead and heavy on the ear,



## ENTRY INTO EDINBURGH

---

like the echoes of a sepulchral vault ; the mingled shouts and music from the half-seen crowds sound drearily amid the chill and dripping damps, like tones of the winter wind in a ruin at midnight ; and yonder comes the pageant of the day, enwrapped in fog, like a drifting vessel half enveloped in the spray of a lee shore. Mark these gay and volatile strangers, the *élite* of the French Court. Yonder are the three Maries, and yonder the two Guises ; and here comes the Queen herself encircled by her iron barons. And who is that Queen ?—Mary,—the gay, the fascinating, the exquisitely beautiful,—a true sovereign of the imagination,—a choice heroine of poetry and romance,—a woman whose loveliness still exerts its influence over hearts,—a monarch whose misfortunes and sorrows still command tears.

HUGH MILLER.

## QUEEN MARY AT LOCHLEVEN CASTLE

LADY LOCHLEVEN led the way with a slow and stately step to the small garden, which, enclosed by a stone wall ornamented with statues, and an artificial fountain in the centre, extended its dull parterres on the side of the courtyard, with which it communicated by a low and arched portal. Within the narrow circuit of its formal and limited walks, Mary Stuart was now learning to perform the weary part of a prisoner, which, with little interval, she was doomed to sustain during the remainder of her life. She was followed in her slow and melancholy exercise by two female attendants; but in the first glance which

## QUEEN MARY AT LOCHLEVEN CASTLE

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Roland Græme bestowed upon one so illustrious by birth, so distinguished by her beauty, accomplishments, and misfortunes, he was sensible of the presence of no other than the unhappy Queen of Scotland.

Her face, her form, have been so deeply impressed upon the imagination, that, even at the distance of nearly three centuries, it is unnecessary to remind the most ignorant and uninformed reader of the striking traits which characterise that remarkable countenance, which seems at once to combine our ideas of the majestic, the pleasing, and the brilliant, leaving us to doubt whether they express most happily the queen, the beauty, or the accomplished woman. Who is there, at the very mention of Mary Stuart's name, that has not her countenance before him, familiar as that of the mistress of his youth, or the favourite daughter of his advanced age? Even

## QUEEN MARY AT

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those who feel themselves compelled to believe all, or much, of what her enemies laid to her charge, cannot think without a sigh upon a countenance expressive of anything rather than the foul crimes with which she was charged when living, and which still continue to shade, if not to blacken, her memory. That brow, so truly open and regal—those eyebrows, so regularly graceful, which yet were saved from the charge of regular insipidity by the beautiful effect of the hazel eyes which they overarched, and which seem to utter a thousand histories—the nose, with all its Grecian precision of outline—the mouth, so well proportioned, so sweetly formed, as if designed to speak nothing but what was delightful to hear—the dimpled chin—the stately swan-like neck, form a countenance, the like of which we know not to have existed in any

## LOCHLEVEN CASTLE

---

other character moving in that high class of life, where the actresses as well as the actors command general and undivided attention. It is in vain to say that the portraits which exist of this remarkable woman are not like each other ; for, amidst their discrepancy, each possesses general features which the eye at once acknowledges as peculiar to the vision which our imagination has raised while we read her history for the first time, and which has been impressed upon it by the numerous prints and pictures which we have seen. Indeed we cannot look on the worst of them, however deficient in point of execution, without saying that it is meant for Queen Mary ; and no small instance it is of the power of beauty, that her charms should have remained the subject not merely of admiration, but of warm and chivalrous interest, after the lapse of

## QUEEN MARY AT

---

such a length of time. We know that by far the most acute of those who, in latter days, have adopted the unfavourable view of Mary's character, longed, like the executioner before his dreadful task was performed, to kiss the fair hand of her on whom he was about to perform so horrible a duty.

Dressed, then, in a deep mourning robe, and with all those charms of face, shape, and manner, with which faithful tradition has made each reader familiar, Mary Stuart advanced to meet the Lady of Lochleven, who, on her part, endeavoured to conceal dislike and apprehension under the appearance of respectful indifference. The truth was, that she had experienced repeatedly the Queen's superiority in that species of disguised yet cutting sarcasm, with which women can successfully avenge themselves for real and substantial injuries.



The Abdication.





## LOCHLEVEN CASTLE

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It may be well doubted, whether this talent was not as fatal to its possessor as the many others enjoyed by that highly gifted, but most unhappy female; for, while it often afforded her a momentary triumph over her keepers, it failed not to exasperate their resentment; and the satire and sarcasm in which she had indulged were frequently retaliated by the deep and bitter hardships which they had the power of inflicting. It is well known that her death was at length hastened by a letter which she wrote to Queen Elizabeth, in which she treated her jealous rival, and the Countess of Shrewsbury, with the keenest irony and ridicule.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

# LAMENT OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

## ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING

Now Nature hangs her mantle green  
On every blooming tree,  
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white  
Out o'er the grassy lea :  
Now Phœbus cheers the crystal streams,  
And glads the azure skies ;  
But nought can glad the weary wight  
That fast in durance lies.

Now lav'rocks wake the merry morn,  
Aloft on dewy wing ;  
The merle, in his noontide bow'r,  
Makes woodland echoes ring ;  
The mavis wild wi' mony a note,  
Sings drowsy day to rest :  
In love and freedom they rejoice,  
Wi' care nor thrall opprest.

## MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

---

Now blooms the lily by the bank,  
The primrose down the brae ;  
The hawthorn's budding in the glen,  
And milk-white is the slae ;  
The meanest hind in fair Scotland  
May rove their sweets amang ;  
But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,  
Maun lie in prison strang !

I was the Queen o' bonnie France,  
Where happy I hae been ;  
Fu' lightly rase I in the morn,  
As blythe lay down at e'en :  
And I'm the sov'reign of Scotland,  
And mony a traitor there ;  
Yet here I lie in foreign bands,  
And never-ending care.

But as for thee, thou false woman !  
My sister and my fae,  
Grim vengeance, yet, shall whet a sword  
That thro' thy soul shall gae !  
The weeping blood in woman's breast  
Was never known to thee ;

## LAMENT OF MARY

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Nor the balm that drops on wounds  
of woe

Frae woman's pitying ee.

My son ! my son ! may kinder stars

Upon thy fortune shine !

And may those pleasures gild thy reign,

That ne'er wad blink on mine !

God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,

Or turn their hearts to thee :

And where thou meet'st thy mother's  
friend,

Remember him for me !

Oh ! soon, to me, may summer suns

Nae mair light up the morn !

Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds

Wave o'er the yellow corn !

And in the narrow house o' death

Let winter round me rave ;

And the next flow'rs, that deck the  
spring,

Bloom on my peaceful grave !

ROBERT BURNS.

## CHARACTER OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

To all the charms of beauty and the utmost elegance of external form, Mary added those accomplishments which render their impression irresistible. Polite, affable, insinuating, sprightly, and capable of speaking and writing with equal ease and dignity. Sudden, however, and violent in all her attachments, because her heart was warm and unsuspicious. Impatient of contradiction, because she had been accustomed from her infancy to be treated as a queen. No stranger, on some occasions, to dissimulation, which in that perfidious court where she received her education was

reckoned among the necessary arts of government. Not insensible to flattery, or unconscious of that pleasure with which almost every woman beholds the influence of her own beauty. Formed with the qualities which we love, not with the talents that we admire, she was an agreeable woman rather than an illustrious queen. The vivacity of her spirit, not sufficiently tempered with sound judgment, and the warmth of her heart, which was not at all times under the restraint of discretion, betrayed her both into errors and into crimes. To say that she was always unfortunate will not account for that long and almost uninterrupted succession of calamities which befell her; we must likewise add, that she was often imprudent. Her passion for Darnley was rash, youthful, and excessive; and though the sudden transition to the opposite extreme was the natural effect of her

## MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

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ill-requited love, and of his ingratitude, insolence, and brutality, yet neither these nor Bothwell's artful address and important services can justify her attachment to that nobleman. Even the manners of the age, licentious as they were, are no apology for this unhappy passion; nor can they induce us to look on that tragical and infamous scene which followed upon it with less abhorrence.

Humanity will draw a veil over this part of her character which it cannot approve, and may perhaps prompt some to impute her actions to her situation more than to her dispositions; and to lament the unhappiness of the former, rather than accuse the perverseness of the latter. Mary's sufferings exceed, both in degree and duration, those tragical distresses which fancy has feigned to excite sorrow and commiseration; and while we survey them, we are

apt altogether to forget her frailties: we think of her faults with less indignation, and approve of our tears, as if they were shed for a person who had attained much nearer to pure virtue.

With regard to the queen's person, a circumstance not to be omitted in writing the history of a female reign, all contemporary authors agree in ascribing to Mary the utmost beauty of countenance and elegance of shape of which the human form is capable. Her hair was black, although, according to the fashion of that age, she frequently wore borrowed locks, and of different colours. Her eyes were a dark grey, her complexion was exquisitely fine, and her hands and arms remarkably delicate, both as to shape and colour. Her stature was of a height that rose to the majestic. She danced, walked, and rode with equal grace. Her taste for music



## MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

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was just; and she both sung and played upon the lute with uncommon skill. Towards the end of her life, long confinement, and the coldness of the houses in which she had been imprisoned, brought on a rheumatism which often deprived her of the use of her limbs. No man, says Brantôme, ever beheld her person without admiration and love, or will read her history without sorrow.

ROBERTSON.

## THE QUEEN'S MARIE

MARIE HAMILTON'S to the kirk gane,  
Wi' ribbons in her hair ;  
The King thought mair o' Marie  
Hamilton,  
Than any that were there.

Marie Hamilton's to the kirk gane,  
Wi' ribbons on her breast ;  
The King thought mair o' Marie  
Hamilton,  
Than he listen'd to the priest.

Marie Hamilton's to the kirk gane,  
Wi' gloves upon her hands ;  
The King thought mair o' Marie  
Hamilton,  
Than the Queen and a' her lands.

She hadna been about the King's court  
A month, but barely one,

## THE QUEEN'S MARIE

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Till she was beloved by a' the King's  
court,  
And the King the only man.

She hadna been about the King's court  
A month, but barely three,  
Till frae the King's court Marie  
Hamilton,  
Marie Hamilton durstna be.

The King is to the Abbey gane,  
To pu' the Abbey tree,  
To scale the babe frae Marie's heart ;  
But the thing it wadna be.

O she had row'd it in her apron,  
And set it on the sea,—  
“Gae sink ye, or swim ye, bonny babe,  
Ye'se get nae mair o' me.”—

Word is to the kitchen gane,  
And word is to the ha',  
And word is to the noble room,  
Amang the ladyes a',

## THE QUEEN'S MARIE

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That Marie Hamilton's brought to bed,  
And the bonny babe's mist and awa'.

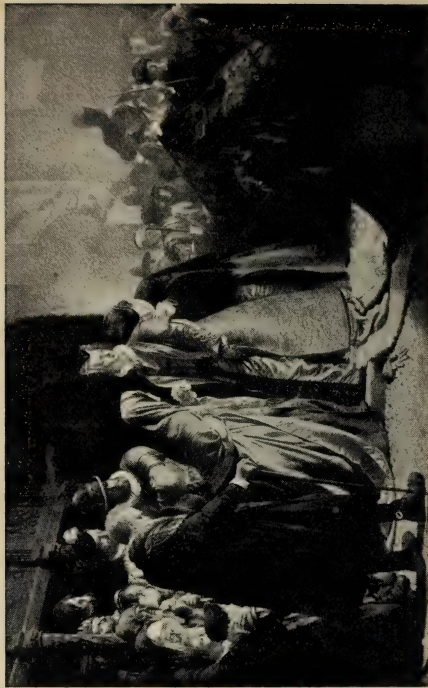
Scarcely had she lain down again,  
And scarcely fa'en asleep,  
When up then started our gude Queen,  
Just at her bed-feet ;  
Saying — " Marie Hamilton, where's  
your babe ?  
For I'm sure I heart it greet."

" O no, O no, my noble Queen !  
Think no such thing to be ;  
'Twas but a stitch into my side,  
And sair it troubles me."

" Get up, get up, Marie Hamilton ;  
Get up, and follow me ;  
For I am going to Edinburgh town,  
A rich wedding for to see."

O slowly, slowly raise she up,  
And slowly put she on ;  
And slowly rode she out the way,  
Wi' mony a weary groan.





Queen Mary and the Confederate Lords.

## THE QUEEN'S MARIE

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The Queen was clad in scarlet,  
Her merry maids all in green ;  
And every town they cam to,  
They took Marie for the Queen.

“ Ride hooly, hooly gentlemen,  
Ride hooly now wi' me !  
For never, I am sure, a wearier burd  
Rade in your companie.”

But little wist Marie Hamilton,  
When she rade on the brown,  
That she was ga'en to Edinburgh town,  
And a' to be put down.

“ Why weep ye so, ye burgess wives,  
Why look ye so on me ?  
O, I am going to Edinburgh town,  
A rich wedding for to see.”

When she gaed up the Tolbooth stairs,  
The corks frae her heels did flee ;  
And lang or e'er she came down again,  
She was condemn'd to die.

## THE QUEEN'S MARIE

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When she cam to the Netherbow port,  
She laughed loud laughters three ;  
But when she cam to the gallows foot,  
The tears blinded her ee.

“Yestreen the Queen had four Maries,  
The night she'll hae but three ;  
There was Marie Seaton, and Marie  
Beaton,  
And Marie Carmichael, and me.

“O, often have I dress'd my Queen,  
And put gold upon her hair ;  
But now I've gotten for my reward  
The gallows to be my share.

“Often have I dress'd my Queen,  
And often made her bed ;  
But now I've gotten for my reward  
The gallows tree to tread.

“I charge ye all, ye mariners,  
When ye sail ower the faem,



## THE QUEEN'S MARIE

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Let neither my father nor mother get  
wit,

But that I'm coming hame.

"I charge ye all, ye mariners,

That sail upon the sea,

Let neither my father nor mother get  
wit,

This dog's death I'm to die.

"For if my father and mother got wit,

And my bold brethren three,

O mickle wad be the gude red blude,

This day wad be spilt for me!

"O little did my mother ken,

That day she cradled me,

The lands I was to travel in,

Or the death I was to die!"

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

*(Border Minstrelsy.)*

## EXECUTION OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

A.D. 1587

THE council of England was divided in opinion about the measures to be taken against the Queen of Scots. Some members proposed that, as her health was very infirm, her life might be shortened by close confinement; and the Earl of Leicester advised that she should be despatched by poison; but the majority insisted on her being put to death by legal process. Accordingly, a commission was issued for forty-one peers, with five judges, or the major part of them, to try and pass sentence upon Mary, daughter and heir of James the Fifth, King of

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Scotland, commonly called Queen of Scots, and Dowager of France.

Thirty-six of these commissioners, arriving at the castle of Fotheringay, presented her with a letter from Elizabeth, commanding her to submit to a trial for her late conspiracy. Mary perused the letter with great composure, and, as she had long foreseen the danger that hung over her, received the intelligence without emotion or astonishment. She said, however, that she wondered the Queen of England should command her as a subject, who was an independent sovereign, and a queen like herself. She would never, she said, stoop to any condescension which would lessen her dignity, or prejudice the claims of her posterity. The laws of England, she observed, were unknown to her; she was destitute of counsel; nor could she conceive who were to be her peers, as she had but one equal

## EXECUTION OF

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in the kingdom. She added, that, instead of enjoying the protection of the laws of England, which she had hoped to obtain, she had been confined in prison ever since her arrival in the kingdom, so that she derived neither benefit nor security from them. When the commissioners pressed her to submit to the queen's pleasure, otherwise they would proceed against her as contumacious, she declared that she would rather suffer a thousand deaths than own herself a subject to any prince on earth: that, however, she was ready to vindicate herself in a full and free parliament; as, for aught she knew, this meeting of commissioners was devised against her life on purpose to take it away with a pretext of justice. She exhorted them to consult their own consciences, and to remember that the theatre of the world was much more extensive than that of the kingdom of England. At

## MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

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length the Vice-Chamberlain Hatton vanquished her objections, by representing that she injured her reputation by avoiding a trial, in which her innocence might be proved to the satisfaction of all mankind. This observation made such an impression upon her, that she agreed to plead, if they would admit and allow her protest, of disallowing all subjection. This, however, they refused, but they satisfied her by entering it upon record; and thus they proceeded to a trial.

The principal charge against her was urged by Sergeant Gaudy, who accused her of knowing, approving, and consenting to Babington's conspiracy. This charge was supported by Babington's confession, by the copies which were taken of their correspondence, in which her approbation of the queen's murder was expressly declared; by the evidence

## EXECUTION OF

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of her own secretaries, Nan, a Frenchman, and Curll, a Scotchman, who swore that she received the letters of that conspirator, and that they had answered them by her orders. These allegations were corroborated by the testimony of Ballard and Savage, to whom Babington had shown some letters, declaring them to have come from the captive queen. To these charges Mary made a sensible and resolute defence; she said Babington's confession was extorted by his fears of the torture, which was really the case: she alleged that the letters were forgeries, and she defied her secretaries to persist in their evidence, if brought into her presence. She owned, indeed, that she had used her best endeavours to recover her liberty, which was only pursuing the dictates of nature; but as for harbouring a thought against the life of the queen, she treated the idea with horror. In

## MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

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a letter which was read during the trial, mention was made of the Earl of Arundel and his brothers. On hearing their names, she shed a flood of tears, exclaiming, "Alas! what hath the noble house of Howard endured for my sake!" She took occasion also to observe that this letter might have been a base contrivance of Walsingham, who had frequently practised both against her life and that of her son. Walsingham, thus accused, rose up, and protested that his heart was free from malice; that he had never done anything unbecoming an honest man in his private capacity, nor aught unworthy of the place he occupied in the State. Mary declared herself satisfied of his innocence, and begged he would give as little credit to the malicious accusations of her enemies, as she now gave to the reports which she had heard to his prejudice.

## EXECUTION OF

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Whatever might have been the queen's offences, it is certain that her treatment was very severe. She desired to be put in possession of such notes as she had taken preparative to her trial; but this was refused her. She demanded a copy of her protest; but her request was not complied with: she even required an advocate to plead her cause against so many learned lawyers as had undertaken to urge her accusations; but all her demands were rejected; and, after an adjournment of some days, sentence of death was pronounced against her in the Star Chamber in Westminster, all the commissioners except two being present. At the same time a declaration was published by the commissioners, implying that the sentence against her did in no wise derogate from the title and honour of James, King of Scotland, son to the attainted queen.



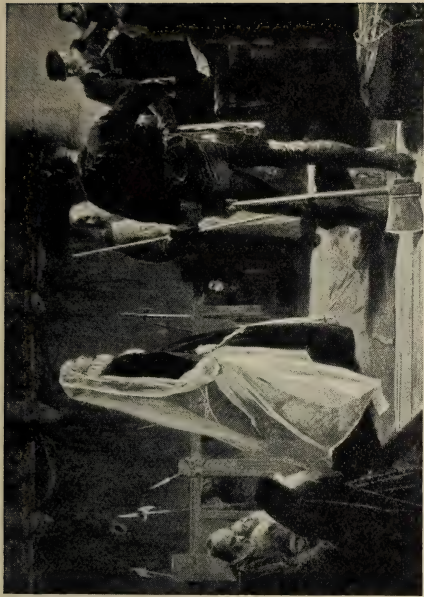
Though the condemnation of a sovereign princess at a tribunal to which she owed no subjection was an injustice that must strike the most inattentive, yet the parliament of England did not fail to approve the sentence, and to go still further, in presenting an address to the queen, desiring that it might speedily be put into execution. But Elizabeth still felt, or pretended to feel, a horror for such precipitate severity. She entreated the two houses to find some expedient to save her from the necessity of taking a step so repugnant to her inclination. But at the same time she seemed to dread another conspiracy to assassinate her within a month; which probably was only an artifice of her ministers to increase her apprehensions, and consequently, her desire of being rid of a rival that had given her so much disturbance.

## EXECUTION OF

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The parliament, however, reiterated their solicitations, arguments, and entreaties; and even remonstrated that mercy to the Queen of Scots was cruelty to them, her subjects, and her children. Elizabeth affected to continue inflexible, but at the same time permitted Mary's sentence to be made public; and Lord Buckhurst, and Beale, clerk to the council, were sent to the unhappy queen to apprise her of the sentence, and of the popular clamour for its speedy execution.

Upon receiving this dreadful information, Mary seemed no way moved; but insisted, that since her death was demanded by the Protestants, she died a martyr to the Catholic religion. She said, that as the English often embrued their hands in the blood of their own sovereigns, it was not to be wondered at that they exercised their cruelty



The End—Fotheringay.



## MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

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towards her. She wrote her last letter to Elizabeth, not demanding her life, which she now seemed willing to part with, but desiring that, after her enemies should be satiated with her innocent blood, her body might be consigned to her servants and conveyed to France, there to repose in a Catholic country, with the sacred remains of her mother.

In the meantime, accounts of this extraordinary sentence were spread into all parts of Europe; and the King of France was among the foremost who attempted to avert the threatened blow. He sent over Believre as an extraordinary ambassador, with a professed intention of interceding for the life of Mary. But James of Scotland, her son, was, as in duty obliged, still more pressing in her behalf. He despatched Keith, a gentleman of his bed-chamber, with a letter to Elizabeth, conjuring her to

spare the life of his parent, and mixing threats of vengeance in case of a refusal. Elizabeth treated his remonstrances with the utmost indignation; and when the Scottish ambassador begged that the execution might be put off for a week, the queen answered with great emotion, "No, not for an hour." Thus Elizabeth, when solicited by foreign princes to pardon the Queen of Scots, seemed always disposed to proceed to extremities against her; but when her ministers urged her to strike the blow, her scruples and her reluctance seemed to return.

Whether the queen was really sincere in her reluctance to execute Mary, is a question which, though usually given against her, I will not take upon me to determine. Certainly there were great arts used by her courtiers to determine her to the side of severity, as they had

everything to fear from the resentment of Mary, in case of her succeeding to the throne. Accordingly, the kingdom was now filled with rumours of plots, treasons, and insurrections; and the queen was continually kept in alarm by fictitious dangers. She therefore appeared to be in great terror and perplexity; she was observed to sit much alone, and to mutter to herself half sentences, importing the difficulty and distress to which she was reduced. In this situation she one day called her secretary, Davidson, whom she ordered to draw out secretly the warrant for Mary's execution, informing him, that she intended to keep it by her in case any attempt should be made for the delivery of that princess. She signed the warrant, and then commanded it to be carried to the chancellor to have the seal affixed to it. Next morning, however,

she sent two gentlemen successively, to desire that Davidson would not go to the chancellor until she should see him; but the secretary telling her that the warrant had been already sealed, she seemed displeased at his precipitation. Davidson, who probably wished to see the sentence executed, laid the affair before the council, who unanimously resolved that the warrant should be immediately put in execution, and promised to justify Davidson to the queen. Accordingly, the fatal instrument was delivered to Beale, who summoned the noblemen to whom it was directed, namely, the Earls of Shrewsbury, Derby, Kent, and Cumberland; and these together set out for Fotheringay Castle, accompanied by two executioners, to despatch their bloody commission.

Mary heard of the arrival of her executioners, who ordered her to



prepare for death by eight o'clock the next morning. Without any alarm, she heard the death-warrant read with her usual composure, though she could not help expressing her surprise that the Queen of England should consent to her execution. She even abjured her being privy to any conspiracy against Elizabeth, by laying her hand upon a New Testament, which happened to lie on the table. She desired that her confessor might be permitted to attend her; which, however, these zealots refused. After the earls had retired, she ate sparingly at supper, while she comforted her attendants (who continued weeping and lamenting the fate of their mistress) with a cheerful countenance, telling them they ought not to mourn, but to rejoice at the prospect of her speedy deliverance from a world of misery. Towards the end of supper, she called

## EXECUTION OF

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in all her servants, and drank to them; they pledged her in order on their knees, and craved her pardon for any past neglect of duty. She craved mutual forgiveness; and a plentiful effusion of tears attended this solemn separation.

After this she reviewed her will and perused the inventory of her effects. These she bequeathed to different individuals, and divided her money among her domestics, recommending them in letters to the King of France and the Duke of Guise. Then, going to bed at her usual hour, she passed part of the night in uninterrupted repose, and, rising, spent the remainder in prayer and acts of devotion. Towards morning she dressed herself in a rich habit of silk and velvet, the only one which she had reserved for this solemn occasion. Thomas Andrews, the under-sheriff of the county, then

## MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

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entering the room, informed her that the hour was come, and that he must attend her to the place of execution. She replied that she was ready ; and, bidding her servants farewell, she proceeded, supported by two of her guards, and followed the sheriff with a serene composed aspect, with a long veil of linen on her head, and in her hand a crucifix of ivory. In passing through a hall adjoining to her chamber, Sir Andrew Melvil, master of her household, fell upon his knees, and, shedding a flood of tears, lamented his misfortune in being doomed to carry the news of her unhappy fate to Scotland. "Lament not," said she, "but rather rejoice. Mary Stuart will soon be freed from all her cares. Tell my friends that I die constant in my religion, and firm in my affection and fidelity to Scotland and France. God forgive them that have long

## EXECUTION OF

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desired my end, and have thirsted for my blood as the hart panteth for the water brook ! Thou, O God, who art truth itself and perfectly understandest the inmost thoughts of my heart, knowest how greatly I have desired that the realms of Scotland and England might be united. Commend me to my son, and assure him I have done nothing prejudicial to the state or the crown of Scotland. Admonish him to persevere in amity and friendship with the Queen of England ; and, for thy own part, do him faithful service. And so, good Melvil, farewell ; once again, farewell, good Melvil, and grant the assistance of thy prayers to thy queen and thy mistress." In this place she was received by the four noblemen, who with great difficulty were prevailed upon to allow Melvil, with her physician, apothecary, and two female attendants, to be present at her

execution. She then passed (the noblemen and the sheriff going before, and Melvil bearing up her train) into another hall, where was a scaffold erected, and covered with black. As soon as she was seated, Beale began to read the warrant for her execution. Then Fletcher, Dean of Peterborough, standing without the rails, repeated a long exhortation, which she desired him to forbear, as she was firmly resolved to die in the Catholic religion. The room was crowded with spectators, who beheld her with pity and distress, while her beauty, though dimmed by age and affliction, gleamed through her sufferings, and was still remarkable in this fatal moment. The Earl of Kent, observing that in her devotions she made frequent use of the crucifix, could not forbear reproving her, exhorting her to have Christ in her heart, not in her hand. She replied,

## EXECUTION OF

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with presence of mind, that it was difficult to hold such an object in her hand, without feeling her heart touched for the sufferings of Him whom it represented. She now began, with the aid of her two women, to undress for the block; and the executioner also lent his hand to assist them. She smiled, and said that she was not accustomed to undress herself before so large a company, or to be attended by such servants. Her women bursting into tears and loud exclamations of sorrow, she turned about to them, put her finger upon her lips, as a sign of imposing silence upon them; and having given them her blessing, desired their prayers in return. The two executioners kneeling, and asking her pardon, she said she forgave them and all the authors of her death, as freely as she hoped forgiveness of her Maker; and once more made a

## MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

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solemn protestation of her innocence. Her eyes were then covered with a linen handkerchief; she laid herself down without any fear or trepidation, and when she had recited a psalm, and repeated a pious ejaculation, her head was severed from her body at two strokes. The executioner instantly held it up to the spectators, streaming with blood, and agitated with the convulsions of death. The Dean of Peterborough alone exclaimed, "So perish all Queen Elizabeth's enemies!" The Earl of Kent replied Amen, while the rest of the spectators wept and sighed at this affecting spectacle; for flattery and zeal alike gave place to stronger and better emotions. Thus died Mary, in the forty-fifth year of her age, and the nineteenth of her captivity—a princess unmatched in beauty, and unequalled in misfortunes. In contemplating the con-

## EXECUTION OF MARY

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tentions of mankind, we find almost ever both sides culpable: Mary, who was stained with crimes that deserved punishment, was put to death by a princess who had no right to inflict punishment on her equal.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

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